

DEC.  
NO. 17

THRILLING TALES OF SUSPENSE 10¢

# MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES



LET ME GO!  
I CAN'T MARRY  
JOHN... HE'S  
DEAD!

OF COURSE YOU CAN  
MARRY ME, BESSIE! WE'LL  
RETURN TO MY **TOMB**  
FOR OUR **HONEYMOON!**

**BRIDE  
OF THE  
DEAD!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**G**RAB YOUR PITH HELMETS, KIDDIES, WE'RE OFF ON A JUNGLE JOURNEY TO TERROR! IT'S A NO-MAN'S LAND OF HORROR AND FEAR THAT WILL KEEP YOUR TEETH ON EDGE! IT'S A DEADLY SAGA WE CALL

# RUGABOO!

OUR STORY OPENS IN WASHINGTON, D. C. IN AN OFFICE OF THE PENTAGON. THE MEN GATHERED AROUND THE CONFERENCE TABLE ARE BRASS BIG BRASS.



IT MUST BE SOME-PLACE COMPLETELY FORSAKEN/SECURITY IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE!

I THINK I KNOW JUST THE SPOT, GENERAL! AN UN-EXPLORED REGION OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE.. HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM CIVILIZATION!



THE TEMPERATURE IN THIS AREA IS SO HOT THAT NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEYOND THIS POINT! WITH THE PROPER EQUIPMENT WE COULD STAND THE HEAT, AND BE UTTERLY ISOLATED!

SOUNDS FINE, COLONEL! WE'LL INVESTIGATE FURTHER AND YOU ORGANIZE THE EXPEDITION!





SOUNDS LIKE TOP SECRET STUFF, DOESN'T IT? AND IT IS! DURING THE NEXT WEEKS COLONEL ROBERT LADD ASSEMBLES MEN FOR HIS IMPORTANT MISSION

WE NEED YOU, PROFESSOR TALBOT. WITH-OUT A ZOO-LOGIST, THE PROJECT IS **SUNK!**

THIS IS STRICTLY A **VOLUNTARY** MISSION, LT. BURNS... AND I WARN YOU, A **DANGEROUS** ONE!

YOUR **COUNTRY** NEEDS YOU, PRIVATE LEEDS!

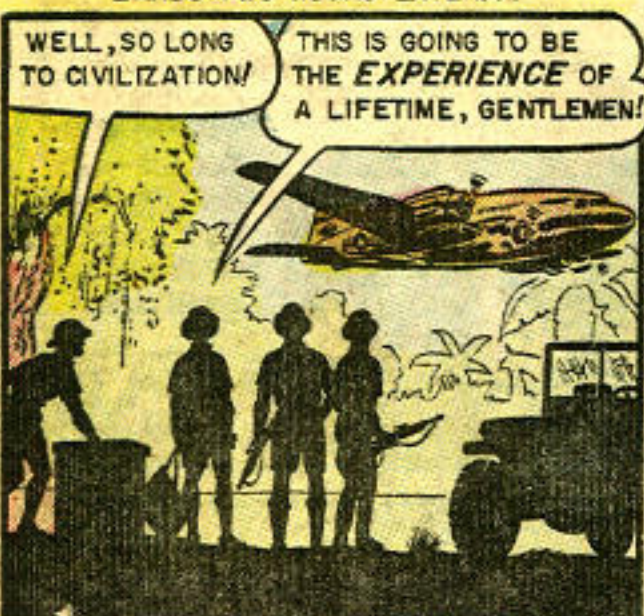
A MONTH LATER PROJECT ZXV IS READY TO BEGIN. AN ARMY TRANSPORT FLIES 4 MEN TO A BARREN SPOT IN SOUTH AMERICA NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE

WE'RE OUT OF THE STATES NOW, COLONEL... HOW ABOUT GIVING US THE **LOWDOWN** ON WHAT'S UP?

SORRY, BURNS, BUT UNTIL WE REACH OUR **FINAL** DESTINATION, I'M BOUND TO **SECRECY!**



ALL THE MEN KNOW IS THAT THEY'LL BE GONE FOR TWO YEARS AND THAT THE WORD "ATOM" HAS BEEN WHISPERED... THEIR PLANE LANDS TWO HOURS LATER...



WELL, SO LONG TO CIVILIZATION!

THIS IS GOING TO BE THE **EXPERIENCE** OF A LIFETIME, GENTLEMEN!

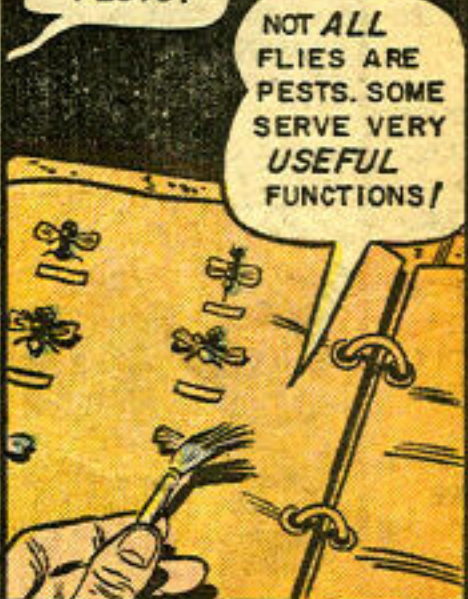
THAT NIGHT THE MEN SET UP THEIR FIRST CAMP...



HEY, PROF, WATCHA **DOING?** CATCHING **BUGS?**

NO, LIEUT, NOT **BUGS...** **FLIES!** SOME MEN COLLECT BUTTERFLIES... BUT MY SPECIALTY IS **FLIES**. YOU'D BE AMAZED AT HOW MANY KINDS THERE ARE!

**FLIES?** OH, SWELL, AN I **HATE** 'EM! USED TO **PULL** 'EM APART WHEN I WAS A KID! **NASTY PESTS!**



NOT ALL **FLIES** ARE **PESTS**. SOME SERVE VERY **USEFUL** FUNCTIONS!



WELL, DON'T PLAN ON CATCHING ANY IN **HERE!** I'M PUTTIN' UP **FLY PAPER!**

I IMAGINE THERE'LL BE **PLENTY** OF OTHERS **OUTSIDE!**

ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE SMALL GROUP MAKES ITS WAY INTO THE JUNGLE...



HOW LONG WILL WE BE ABLE TO USE THE JEEP, COLONEL?

JUST FOR ABOUT **100** MILES, PROFESSOR... THEN THE JUNGLE GETS TO THICK FOR ANYTHING BUT **MACHETES** AND **HUMAN FEET!**



WITHIN TWO DAYS THEY ENTER THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLE REGIONS...

YOUR PRECIOUS FLIES ARE MAKING MINCEMEAT OUT OF ME, PROF!

TRY TO IGNORE THEM, BURNS. THESE ARE HARMLESS INSECTS! COLONES, HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING DIFFERENT IN THE PAST FEW HOURS?



I THOUGHT IT WAS MY IMAGINATION... BUT THE TREES AND PLANTS LOOK BIGGER!

IT'S NOT YOUR IMAGINATION... THEY ARE BIGGER!



DAY BY DAY THE TREES AND PLANTS GROW TALLER... AND HUMAN TEMPERERS GROW SHORTER...

LEEDS, IF YOU DON'T STOP WHISTLING, I'M GONNA KICK YOUR TEETH IN!

LISTEN, LIEUT., BECAUSE YOU'RE AN OFFICER DON'T ACT...

CUT IT OUT! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITHOUT A FIGHT!



BUT AS THE DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS AND THE WEEKS INTO MONTHS, LIEUT. RICHY BURNS FINDS HE CAN'T COPE WITH THE JUNGLE AND THE HEAT...

I'VE HAD ALL I CAN TAKE, COLONEL! I QUIT! I WANNA GO BACK!

NOW CALM, DOWN, LIEUT! YOU OFFERED THE ARMY YOUR SERVICES FOR PATRIOTIC REASONS. YOU DON'T MEAN...



THAT'S A JOKE! PATRIOTISM, NUTS! THIS JOB PAID TRIPLE PAY... THAT'S WHY I TOOK IT! BUT I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE MONEY! I'M SICK OF THE INSECTS AND THE HEAT AND...

THAT'S ENOUGH, BURNS! IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE---GO AHEAD! BUT YOU GO ALONE! THE PROJECT CONTINUES!



BURNS KNOWS THAT HE'S TRAPPED. HE WOULDN'T DARE TO ATTEMPT THE HAZARDOUS TRIP ALONE... THAT NIGHT HE GETS DRUNK...

YOU'RE JUSH A STUPID (HIC) SLOB, TALBOT! ALWAYS PASHTING THOSH DUMB FLIESH!

TAKE IT EASY, RICHY. YOU'RE A LITTLE UPSET!



UPSET, (HIC) AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU! THISH ISH WHAT I THINK OF YOUR FLIESH!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, YOU DRUNKEN FOOL... YOU CAN'T...

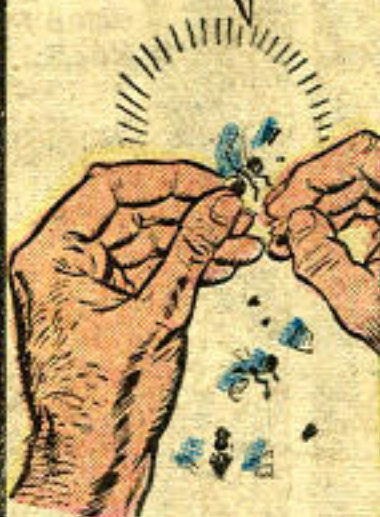




PROFESSOR HAROLD TALBOT ATTEMPTS TO PROTECT HIS SPECIMENS BUT HE'S NO MATCH FOR THE DRUNKEN LIEUTENANT



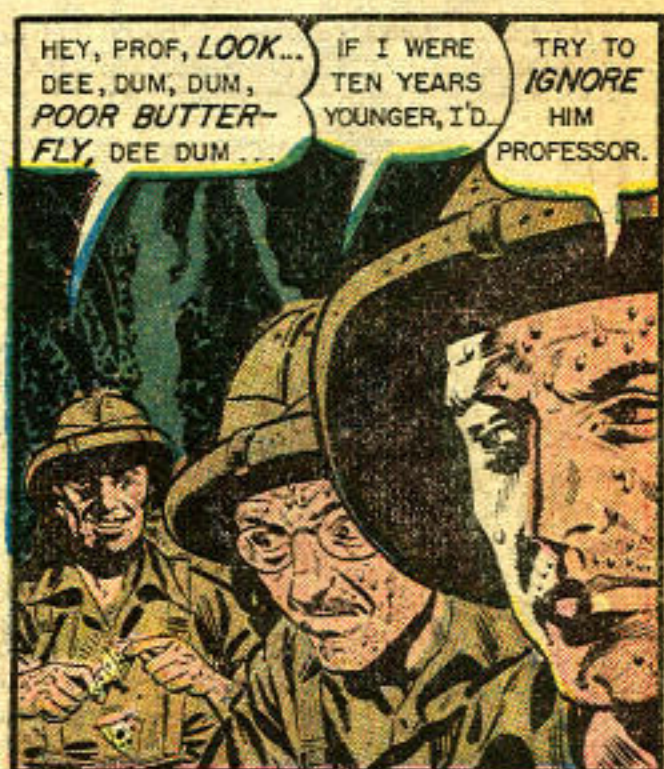
SHE LOVESH  
ME, SHE LOVESH  
ME NOT...



IT IS COLONEL LADD WHO FINALLY TAKES CONTROL OF THE SITUATION...



PROJECT  
ZXV  
CONTINUES...  
BUT  
NOW  
RICHY  
BURNS  
HAS A  
NEW  
AMUSEMENT:  
HE  
CONSTANTLY  
TORTURES  
AND KILLS  
INSECTS  
JUST TO  
INFURIATE  
TALBOT.



AS THE SMALL PARTY GOES FURTHER INWARD, ALL OF NATURE GROWS LARGER AND TOUGHER...





IT'S THREE DAYS LATER WHEN THE COLONEL GIVES THE ORDER TO MAKE A CLEARING FOR THE FINAL CAMP...

I'LL CONTACT H.Q. AND HAVE A HELICOPTER DROP OFF OUR SUPPLIES AND EQUIPMENT!



HOME SWEET HOME!

BY NIGHTFALL OF THE NEXT EVENING "HOME" IS COMPLETED...

EVERYTHING'S SO BIG OUT HERE, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A DWARF!



KEEP A SHARP WATCH FOR ANIMALS... THEY'LL BE TWICE AS DEADLY!

THE MEN RETIRE EARLY BUT RICHY BURNS IS AWAKENED FROM A SOUND SLEEP A SHORT TIME LATER...



WH...CH, NO... NO! HELLLLLPPPPPP!

THE LIEUTENANT IS PARALYZED WITH FEAR AND IT IS HAROLD TALBOT WHO SAVES HIS LIFE...



FOR GOD'S SAKE, BURNS, HOLD STILL! I DON'T WANT TO BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF TOO!

HURRY UP, IT'S COMING FOR ME!

TALBOT'S AIM IS TRUE... AND DEADLY!



BLAM!

THIS LAST TERROR OF THE SNAKE IS TOO MUCH FOR BURNS... HE IS A MAN GONE BERSERK

IT'S ALL OVER, BURNS! COME BACK, IT'S OKAY...

GET AWAY FROM ME! I AIN'T STAYING HERE... I'M GETTING OUT WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE!



DON'T BE A FOOL, BURNS, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE OUT THERE...

I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME... KEEP AWAY FROM ME! KEEP AWAY!





COLONEL LADD AND PRIVATE LEEDS WATCH, THEIR MOUTHS OPEN WITH HORROR AS THE CRAZED BURNS LIFTS HIS RIFLE AND LEVELS IT AT TALBOT...

WHILE LEEDS AND LADD RUSH TO THE INJURED MAN, BURNS ESCAPES INTO THE JUNGLE...

RICHY BURNS RUNS BLINDLY, HIS MIND INTENT UPON... ESCAPE! THEN LATER...

BURNS, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T...

DUMB STUPID FLY-HEAD! I WARNED HIM!

**BLAM!**

M-MY (GASP) CHEST... BURNING...

LEEDS, HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE TENT!

GOTTA FIND MY WAY BACK...

HE RUNS ALL THAT NIGHT... AND THE NEXT DAY...

HE CONTINUES HIS WILD TREK FOR FIVE DAYS... NOT REALIZING HE'S GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION... INSTEAD OF GOING OUT OF THE JUNGLE, HE'S GOING FURTHER INWARD...

BUT AS BURNS STARTS TO SHOVE ON...

AND THE HARDER HE TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF, THE MORE HE GETS STUCK IN THE GOOEY SUBSTANCE...

TIRED... SO TIRED... GOT TO HAVE SOME SLEEP.

DON'T DARE STOP LONG... GOTTA KEEP GOIN'!

WHAT THE HECK? THIS STUFF IS STICKY! CAN'T GET LOOSE!

C-CAN'T MOVE MY HANDS AND FEET! WHAT THE DEVIL IS THIS STUFF?



ONLY  
WHEN  
BURNS  
LOOKS  
UP-  
WARD  
DOES  
HE  
SEE  
THE  
MOST  
PUZZ-  
LING  
THING  
OF ALL  
...THE  
"TREE"  
IS NOT  
A  
TREE

T-THIS THING IS JUST HANGING DOWN...  
IT'S TIED TO THAT BRANCH/WHAT  
IN GOD'S NAME IS IT?



BURNS CONTINUES HIS STRUGGLES TO FREE HIM-  
SELF FROM THE "THING" IN VAIN... HE GROWS  
WEAKER, MORE TERROR-STRICKEN...

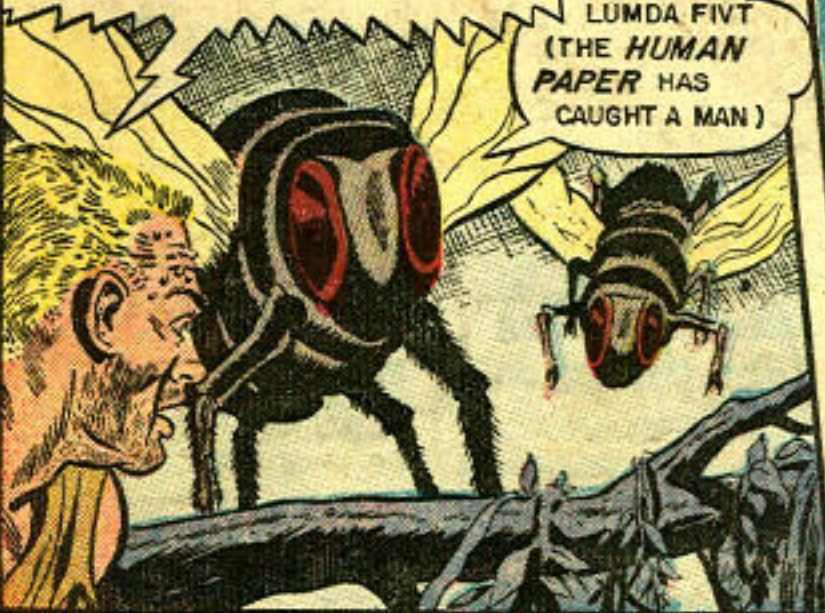


I-IF I CAN'T GET  
LOOSE...I'M GONNA  
DIE! DIE LIKE...  
WH-WHAT'S THAT  
NOISE?

THE NOISE GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL...

OH, NO...I-I'M GOING CRAZY...  
FLIES, TWICE THE SIZE OF A MAN!

HYPTA  
JIGBTE  
LUMDA FIVT  
(THE HUMAN  
PAPER HAS  
CAUGHT A MAN)



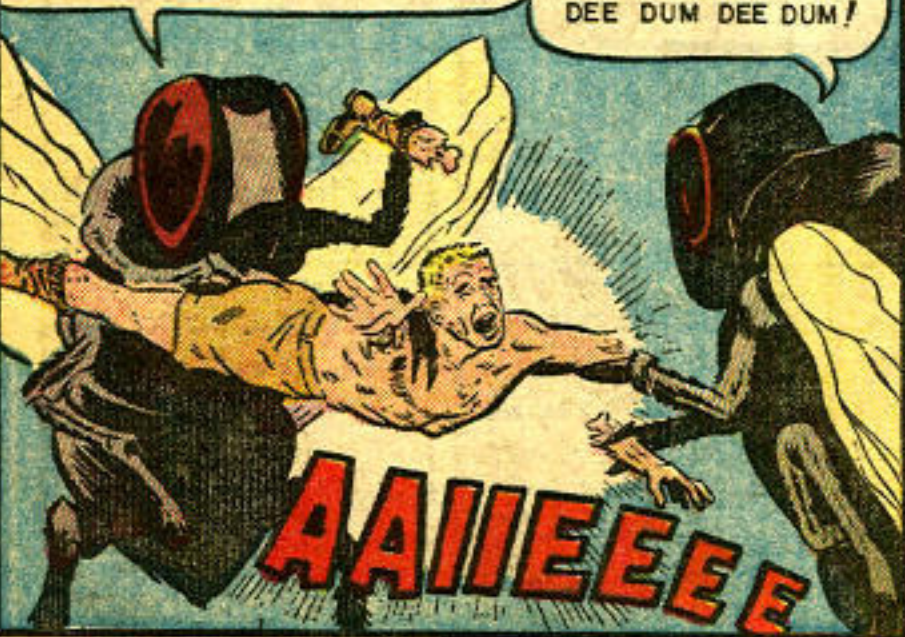
THEIR WIREY LEGS ENCLOSE ON THE VICTIM...

GPIOTA SWIVBA NBCEE  
(LET'S GET HIM)



LOPJUA FGUMS HUP LSMFT JI  
(SHE LOVES ME,SHE LOVES ME NOT!)

DEE DEE DUM...  
POOR HUMANFLY!  
DEE DUM DEE DUM!



AND  
BACK IN  
CAMP OF  
PRO-  
JECT ZXV,  
PROF.  
TALBOT  
IS DYING...

T-TELL ME,  
COLONEL...  
WHAT WAS  
IT... OUR  
MISSION?

WE WERE GOING TO TEST  
A NEW ATOMIC INSECT-  
ICIDE! THE MOST POWER-  
FUL EVER KNOWN TO  
MAN! IF SUCCESSFUL,  
WE COULD HAVE KILLED  
EVERY PEST ON THIS  
CONTINENT!





HERE'S ANOTHER *SLIMY SAGA* CALCULATED TO KEEP YOUR STOMACHS *CHURNING*, FELLOW *GHOULS*. IT'S A *REPULSIVE* TALE COMPOSED OF *HORROR* AND *FEAR*, WITH TWO *VAMPIRES* THROWN IN JUST FOR *FUN*! WE CALL IT

# ONE MAN'S POISON

S-STAY AWAY FROM ME! FOR GOD'S SAKE, LEAVE ME ALONE!

THERE AIN'T NO SENSE RUNNING, GIRLIE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

WE WON'T HURT YOU MUCH, HONEY!

COME WITH US TO A LONELY CABIN LOCATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN

HOW'S DINNER COMIN', MA? I'M HUNGRY!

IT WON'T BE LONG, DEAR! I'M GETTING EVERYTHING WELL DONE... JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE IT!

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CABIN ARE MA AND PA NORRIS, RESIDENTS OF THE TOWN FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS. THE NORRISSES ARE WELL-LIKED AND WELL-LOVED BY ALL WHO KNOW THEM

'AFTERNOON, FOLKS! SHORE HOT, AIN'T IT, PA?

THAT IT IS, LEM! SIT DOWN FER A MINUTE AND HAVE SOME LEMONADE!



LEM DREW, THE LOCAL ICEMAN, LEAVES THE NORRIS HOUSEHOLD A SHORT TIME LATER . . .

YOU FOLKS ARE SHORE SWELL. I NEVER MIND DRIVING WAY OUT HERE 'CAUSE I ALWAYS KNOW I'LL GET A FINE RECEPTION!

THAT'S 'CAUSE WE LIKE YOU, LEM! WE LIKE EVERYBODY IN RIVERDALE!



FOLLOWING THE ICEMAN'S DEPARTURE THE NORRISSES STARTED THEIR EVENING MEAL.

GOOD DINNER TONIGHT, PAY EVERYTHING YOU LIKE . . . BLOOD-JUICE COCKTAIL, BROILED CLOTS, FRENCH-FRIED VEINS AND HOT BLOOD COFFEE!

FINE, MARTHA! SOUNDS DELICIOUS!



IN CASE YOU CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, KIDDIES, MARTHA AND HENRY NORRIS ARE VAMPIRES...

THAT SALESMAN SURE HAS A FINE FLAVOR! THE YOUNG ONES ARE ALWAYS BEST!

YER RIGHT, PA! TOO BAD THIS IS THE LAST OF HIM! SOMEBODY ELSE BETTER SHOW UP SOON! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH FOOD IN RESERVE!



THE "KINDLY" OLD COUPLE LIVE OFF A MAIN HIGHWAY. A HIGHWAY OFTEN FREQUENTED BY TRAVELING SALESMEN. . . SUCH A MAN IS RALPH J. WEEKS.

... AND JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY LAST CUSTOMERS OF THE DAY I'LL OFFER THIS MAGIC CLEANER AT A SPECIAL REDUCED RATE!

WELL, I DUNNO, STRANGER. WHY DON'T YOU STEP INSIDE AND GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION?



THE SALESMAN GLADLY ACCEPTS PA NORRIS' OFFER AND MINUTES LATER INSIDE THE CABIN . . .

... AND NOT ONLY WILL IT REMOVE SPOTS BUT MIRACLE CLEANER IS GUARANTEED TO...

HE LOOKS JUST FINE DON'T HE, PA?

YUP, LOOKS MIGHTY TASTY, MA! MIGHTY TASTY!



THE NEW INGREDIENT WILL... H-HEY! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME . . .

GRAB HIM, PA!

YOU DON'T KNOW IT, MISTER, BUT YOU'RE THE NEW INGREDIENT!



POOR RALPH WEEKS DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE. THE TWO VAMPIRES MAKE QUICK WORK OF HIM . . .

LEMME GO! NO... NO...

NOW, NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED... IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN JEST A SECOND!





**FINE  
CATCH,  
MARTHA!**

LET'S HURRY AND GET HIM *DISSECTED* AND INTO THE *FREEZER*! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO *SPOIL*!

**YES, THESE  
ARE MODERN  
VAMPIRES  
WITH ALL  
THE NEWEST  
CONVENIENCES.  
THE REMAINS  
OF THE DEAD  
SALESMEN  
ARE QUICKLY  
PREPARED  
FOR  
"STORAGE"...**

THIS **FREEZER**  
HAS BEEN A  
**BIG HELP,**  
DEAR!

IT SHORE HAS! REMEMBER  
THAT FUNNY LITTLE FELLA  
WE GOT IT FROM? WASN'T  
VERY GOOD *EATING*,  
WAS HE?

**TRAVELING SALESMEN, TRUCK DRIVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS WHO ACCIDENTALLY FIND THEIR WAY TO THE ISOLATED CABIN PROVIDE THE VAMPIRE'S DIET...AND NO ONE IN TOWN IS THE WISER. IT'S A WEEK LATER AS WE REJOIN THE GRUESOME TWOSOME...**

**NOBODY'S BEEN UP HERE  
IN TEN DAYS, PA! WHAT  
ARE WE GONNA DO? THAT  
WEEKS FELLA IS ALMOST  
GONE!**

I KNOW, MARTHA...  
AND I'M GETTIN'  
**HUNGRY!** TRY NOT  
TO **WORRY**, DEAR,  
SOMEBODY'LL SHOW  
UP SOON!

I HOPE SO,  
PA, I HOPE  
SO! IT'S  
NEVER  
BEEN SO  
LONG BEFORE

BUT FATE WORKS AGAINST THEM AND ANOTHER WEEK PASSES WITHOUT A "MEAL" APPEARING AT THE CABIN...

PA, WE AIN'T  
HAD A MORSEL  
IN EIGHT  
DAYS! I  
CAN'T...

HOWDY, FOLKS!  
OKAY IF I BRING THE  
ICE IN FAST...THE  
HEAT'S CAUSIN' IT  
TO MELT!

**YESSIR,  
IT'S LIKE  
AN OVEN  
OUTSIDE!**

IT'S A  
**SHAME,**  
PA, BUT  
WE  
**GOTTA**  
DO IT!

YER, *RIGHT*,  
MARTHA! BUT  
IT'S *HIM*  
OR *US!*

**WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKIN' ABOUT  
... AEIIIIIIIII!!!  
FOR GOD'S  
SAKE...**

SORRY, LEM,  
YOU BEEN A  
GOOD FRIEND  
... BUT SOME-  
TIMES **FOOD**  
IS MORE  
**IMPORTANT**  
THAN **FRIENDS**.

A cartoon illustration showing a man in a red jacket and hat running away from a woman in a red dress. The man is carrying a white box. A speech bubble above the man says "DO IT!". The scene is set in a room with a wooden floor and a doorway in the background.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LONG HISTORY OF MURDER, MARTHA AND HENRY NORRIS ATTACK A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY...



AH, THAT WAS RIGHT **GOOD!**

YES, BUT, PA, I'M **WORRIED**. PEOPLE IN TOWN ARE GONNA **MISS** LEM ... GONNA WONDER WHAT **HAPPENED** TO HIM!

MARTHA IS RIGHT... ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE NORRIS RECEIVE A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL SHERIFF...

...AND SO WHEN LEM DIDN'T COME HOME, GLADYS GOT WORRIED AND CALLED ME! SHE SAID **YOU** WERE LISTED AS HIS **LAST DELIVERY** OF THE DAY!

THAT'S RIGHT, HANK! HE WAS HERE 'BOUT FOUR-THIRTY. **DE-**LIVERED THE ICE AND THEN **LEFT!**



SHORE IS **FUNNY**. AIN'T **NOBODY** SEEN HIM SINCE HE LEFT **HERE!**

MEBBE HE HAD AN **ACCIDENT...**

OR MEBBE HE WUZ **KID-NAPPED!**



BUT IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE SHERIFF DOESN'T AGREE WITH EITHER OF THESE THEORIES... HE TAKES ONE LAST LOOK AROUND THE CABIN AND THEN LEAVES...

I'M **SCARED**, PA! HE LOOKED AT US **FUNNY!**

HE CAN'T **PROVE** ANYTHING! BUT NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS GET, WE CAN'T TOUCH **NOBODY** FROM TOWN!



BUT DESPITE THEIR PLEDGE WHEN A WEEK PASSES WITHOUT A NEW VICTIM FINDING HIS' WAY TO THE CABIN

'EVENIN', HENRY. AIN'T SEEN YOU AND MARTHA IN TOWN FER MONTHS!

BEEN TO **BUSY**, PAUL! WE'RE OUT FER SOME **FUN** TONIGHT!

PSST... HENRY, WE DON'T **DARE...**



NICE TO **SEE** YOU, HENRY! THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE AROUND BEFORE LONG!

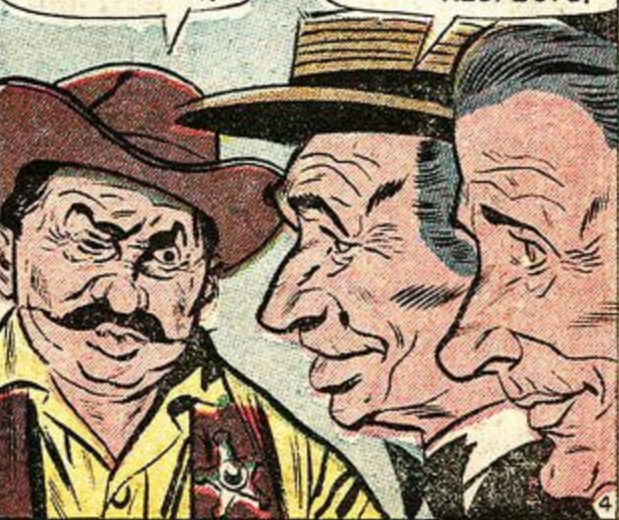
WH...OH, 'EVENIN', HANK! Y- YOU **STARTLED** ME! DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE!

W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SHERIFF? YOU **THOUGHT** WE'D BE AROUND?



YOUNG TOM CAREY **DIED** YESTERDAY. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO GO TO THE **FUNERAL!**

**OF COURSE**, HANK. THE CAREYS ARE FINE PEOPLE! WE'D LIKE TO PAY OUR **RESPECTS!**





THE CAREYS DON'T BELIEVE IN **EMBALMING** SO ACCORDING TO **LAW**, THE **FUNERAL'S** GOTTA BE WITHIN 48 HOURS. IT'LL BE AT WOODLAWN TOMORROW AT ELEVEN!

WE'LL BE THERE!

INSTEAD OF CARRYING OUT THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN, MARTHA AND HENRY RETURN HOME AND DECIDE UPON A NEW ONE

DON'T YOU SEE, IT'S **PERFECT!** AFTER THE **FUNERAL**, WE **DIG UP** THE **BODY!**

WE WON'T HAVE TO **KILL** ANYBODY... AND **YOUNG TOM'LL** BE IN **GOOD SHAPE!** NO **EMBALMING!**

BUT THE **NORRISSES** AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WITH A PLAN

HANK, YER **CRAZY...** I'VE KNOWN HENRY AND MARTHA NORRIS FOR...

MEBBE I AM **CRAZY...** BUT IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS, **34 MEN** HAVE **DISAPPEARED** IN THIS VICINITY! BOTH ME AND THE **STATE POLICE** TRACED 'EM AS FAR AS THE **NORRIS PLACE...** AND NO **FURTHER!**

YOU'VE GOT TO **HELP** ME, **MAC!** IT'S THE **ONLY** WAY...

B—BUT (SOB) OUR ONLY SON! I... I... (SOB)

IF HANK NEEDS OUR **HELP**, WE GOTTA GIVE IT TO HIM, **AGNES**. IT'S OUR **DUTY!**

THE **FUNERAL SERVICES** FOR **TOM CAREY** ARE HELD AT **WOODLAWN CEMETERY** AT **TEN O'CLOCK** ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING

ASHES TO ASHES...

LOOK AT HIM, MARTHA... SO **YOUNG AND TENDER!**

STOP LOOKING **GREEDY**, HENRY! PEOPLE WILL NOTICE!

IT IS NOW **DUSK** OF THE SAME DAY... THE **CEMETERY** IS **QUIET** AND **DESERTED**... OR RATHER, **ALMOST** **DESERTED**

IT AIN'T QUITE **DARK** YET, PA. I'M **AFRAID...**

I **CAIN'T** WAIT **ANOTHER** MINUTE, MARTHA! STOP **WORRYIN'** AND **HURRY UP!**

WHEN WE GET **FINISHED**, WE'LL **SHOVEL** THE **DIRT** BACK. **NOBODY'LL** EVER KNOW THE **DIFFERENCE.**



THE GRISLY TASK OF EXHUMING THE CORPSE IS COMPLETED WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

HA! AT LAST...

WAIT FOR ME!



NINE DAYS OF HUNGER CAUSES OUR "FRIENDS" TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEIR "FEAST"...

NOW, TO GET THIS DIRT BACK AND...

OH, NO... NO...



YOU WUZ RIGHT, HANK! VAMPIRES! THEY'RE VAMPIRES!

GET 'EM! KILL 'EM!



Y-YER NUTS! WE...

D-DON'T COME NEAR US! I'M WARNING YOU, HANK...

WE DON'T HAVE TO COME NEAR YOU, MARTHA! YOU'VE ALREADY SIGNED YER OWN DEATH WARRANT!



WHAT ARE YUH TALKING ABOUT? WHAT...

H-HENRY... MY S-STOMACH... ON... FIRE...



BUT AS HENRY MOVES TOWARD HIS WIFE, HE TOO IS STRICKEN WITH THE SAME BURNING SEARING SENSATION IN HIS CHEST...

AGRHHRR! MARTHA, I...



THEY WRITHE AND TWIST IN PAIN... AND THEN ALL IS QUIET, THEY MOVE NO MORE...

I DON'T GET IT, HANK. WHAT HAPPENED?

YUH MIGHT CALL IT FOOD POISONING, BOB! INSTEAD OF BLOOD, THEY WERE DRINKIN' EMBALMING FLUID! TOM'S BODY WAS EMBALMED!



THE END



GREETINGS *GHOULS!* WELCOME TO THE *PUTRID PIT OF TERROR!*

WE HAVE A *JUICY MORSEL OF LOATHSOME HORROR* FOR YOUR *GRUESOME*

APPETITES / IT'S A DELIGHTFULLY *REVOLTING* TALE WE CALL — — —

# PARALYZED



YOUR NAME IS FRED HANSON. YOU'RE A RESEARCH CHEMIST, 41 YEARS OLD, AND MARRIED. YES, INDEED, FRED, YOU'RE MARRIED...

... AND MY *WHOLE* BODY *ACHES* TERRIBLY! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT *DRAFT!* (BLAH-BLAH)

YES, DEAR.



THIS IS A TYPICAL MORNING IN YOUR LIFE, ISN'T IT, FRED? FRIEDA, AS ALWAYS, IS WHINING AND COMPLAINING...

... AND DR. VERICK SAID I NEED SOME *NEW* MEDICINE. THE *PRESCRIPTION* IS DOWNSTAIRS!

*MORE* MEDICINE! I JUST SPENT *TWENTY BUCKS* ON MEDICINE THREE DAYS AGO!







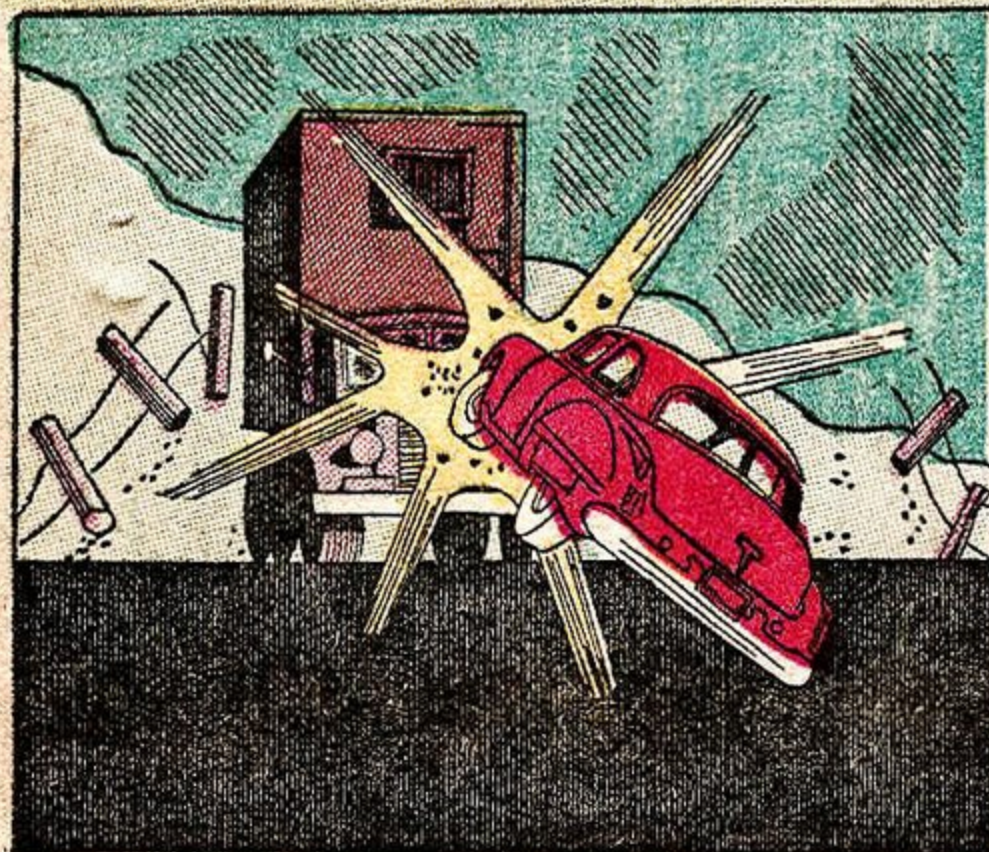
**NO, FRED, FRIEDA WON'T EVER LET YOU FORGET THAT HORROR-FILLED NIGHT OF FIVE YEARS AGO...**

**YOU NEVER WERE MUCH OF A DRINKER AND TWO MARTINIS HAD YOU FEELING LIKE A MILLION THAT NIGHT, DIDN'T THEY, FRED...**

**BUT FRIEDA'S WARNING CAME TOO LATE. AN INSTANT LATER TWO BRIGHT LIGHTS GLARED INTO YOUR EYES AND THE SOUND OF SQUEALING BRAKES ECHOED IN YOUR EARS, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!**



**THE NEXT THING YOU HEARD WAS A CRASH... A LOUD SICKENING TERRIFYING CRASH...**



**AND THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK... YOU REGAINED CONCIOUSNESS THREE DAYS LATER...**





IT WASN'T UNTIL YOU WERE STRONGER THAT THE DOCTORS TOLD YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT FRIEDA...

YOUR WIFE IS PARALYZED FROM THE HIPS DOWN. HOWEVER, IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THE PARALYSIS WAS CAUSED BY SHOCK AND WILL WEAR OFF.

PARALYZED? SHE'S PARALYZED?



YES, THAT WAS FIVE YEARS AGO...BUT THE PARALYSIS REMAINED. YOU TRIED DOCTOR AFTER DOCTOR, TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT...



IT'S ABOUT ALL THESE MEDICINES. DOC, THIS STUFF IS COSTING A FORTUNE! I CAN'T AFFORD

YOU'LL HAVE TO AFFORD IT, HANSON! AFTER ALL, IT'S YOUR FAULT THAT YOUR WIFE...



EVEN THE DOCTOR WON'T LET YOU FORGET, FRED. THERE'S NO ESCAPE. YOU'RE TIED TO A LIFETIME OF WORK AND MORE WORK TO PAY FOR FRIEDA'S INJURIES.

HEY, FRED, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE POKER TONIGHT? THE BOYS HAVE A GAME ALL SET!

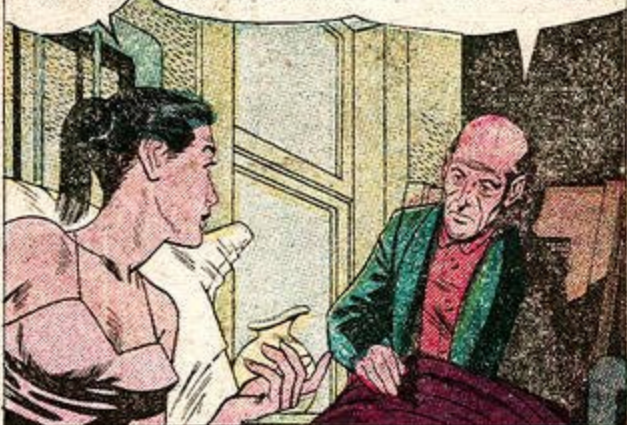
THANKS, HARRY, I CAN'T I'M WORKING OVERTIME... NEED THE MONEY!



REMEMBER HOW YOU FELT WHEN YOU WENT INTO FRIEDA'S ROOM LATER THAT DAY, FRED?

YOU DID THIS TO ME, FRED!

I KNOW, DARLING, I KNOW! BUT I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU... I SWEAR IT! I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN...



FINALLY, SHE FOUND A DOCTOR WHO PLEASED HER, RALPH F. VERICK. TODAY, AS EVERY DAY, AS YOU START FOR THE OFFICE, DR. VERICK IS PAYING A CALL

MORNING, HANSON. FRIEDA HAVE A GOOD NIGHT?

NOT TOO BAD. DOCTOR, IF YOU'VE A MINUTE, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.



YOU'VE WORKED OVERTIME EVERY NIGHT FOR YEARS... YOU HAVE TO, YOU NEED MONEY DESPERATELY

FRED JUST CAN'T KEEP UP THIS PACE!

POOR GUY, I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM! WIFE'S AN INVALID... COSTS HIM A MINT!





THE DOCTOR HAS TOLD YOU NOT TO WORK THESE LONG HOURS; HASN'T HE, FRED? BUT YOU CAN'T STOP...

...SO TIRED... WISH I COULD SLEEP... BUT I CAN'T...



YOUR EYES ARE GLASSY... YOUR HEAD'S POUNDING... YOUR CHEST FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE... YOU CAN'T BREATHE...



YES, FRED, THERE'S A BURNING PAIN IN YOUR CHEST... RELIEF COMES ONLY WHEN YOU FINALLY COLLAPSE AND CRUMPLE TO THE FLOOR.



IT'S THE CLEANING WOMAN WHO FINDS YOU AND SUMMONS A DOCTOR...

MR. HANSON, YOU'RE 41 YEARS OLD... AND YOU'VE GOT THE HEART OF A MAN 61! YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF!

M-MY HEART'S BAD?



BAD? EITHER YOU START LEADING A NORMAL LIFE OR YOU'LL DIE WITHIN SIX MONTHS!

I... I... SEE.



YOU WALK HOME SLOWLY, ALMOST AFRAID TO BREATHE... WHAT WILL FRIEDA'S REACTION BE TO THIS NEWS...?

YOU'RE LYING... YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO TAKE CARE OF ME ANYMORE! YOU MADE ME A CRIPPLE AND NOW YOU WANT TO DESERT ME!

NO, FRIEDA, IT'S JUST THAT...



SHE DEMANDS THAT YOU BE EXAMINED BY RALPH VERICK, HER DOCTOR...

I DON'T KNOW WHO THE OTHER DOCTOR WAS, HANSON... BUT HE WAS WRONG! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR HEART! YOU WERE JUST OVER-TIRED!

SEE? SEE, I TOLD YOU... YOU'RE JUST LAZY!





AND SO YOU GO BACK TO THE OLD ROUTINE  
OF WORK



IT'S THREE WEEKS LATER NOW...AND ALTHOUGH  
IT'S ONLY MID-AFTERNOON, YOU LEAVE THE LAB  
AND GO HOME... YOU'RE TIRED... SO TIRED YOU  
CAN HARDLY MOVE



YOU ENTER THE HOUSE AND CLIMB UP THE STAIRS.  
BUT THEN YOU STOP, YOU MUST BE GOING CRAZY...  
OR SEEING THINGS... IT CAN'T BE  
BUT IT IS!



YOU STAND THERE, TOO SHOCKED, TOO  
ANGERED TO MOVE



IT'S *BAD*, ALL  
RIGHT! IT'S A  
*WONDER* HE  
CAN EVEN *WALK*,  
LET ALONE  
*WORK!*

JUST THINK,  
RALPH, IT'LL  
ALL BE OVER  
SOON! I'M  
SO *SICK* OF  
THAT *WHEEL*  
*CHAIR* I COULD  
*SCREAM!* THREE  
YEARS OF *PLAYING*  
THE *INVALID*  
WIFE!



YOU'VE HEARD ENOUGH AND YOU  
TURN AND WALK QUIETLY DOWN  
THE STAIRS

WE MADE ENOUGH MONEY ON  
THOSE *PHONEY PRESCRIPTIONS*  
TO BUY YOU  
A NICE FAT  
*DIAMOND* AFTER  
THE OLD BOY'S  
*DEAD!*

ALL THIS  
TIME...  
ALL THIS  
TIME...



YOU STUMBLE OUT ONTO THE  
STREET AND START WALKING  
WALKING... WALKING...

SHE'S MADE ME AN *OLD MAN*...  
*KILLED* ME WITH *WORK*...  
ALL FOR *VERICK*... NOT  
*PARALYZED*... HER LEGS,  
PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT...

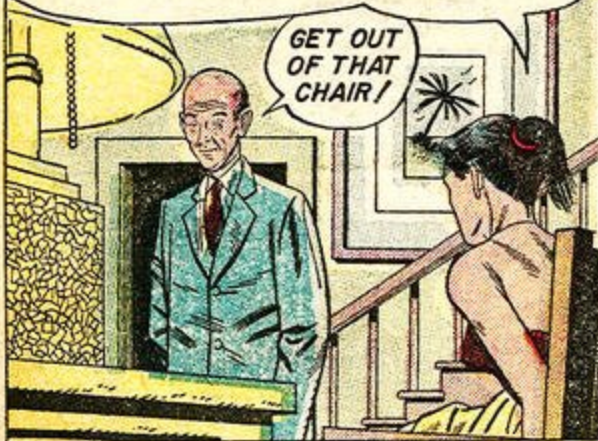




IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN YOU FINALLY GET HOME...

DID YOU PICK UP THAT NEW MEDICINE? DR. VERICK SAYS... FRED, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR!



YOU CAN SEE THE TERROR IN HER EYES... AND YOU'RE GLAD... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS, YOU'RE HAPPY...

FRED... YOU'VE GONE CRAZY! YOU KNOW I CAN'T GET UP! I...

STOP STALLING, FRIEDA! THE GAME'S OVER... I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU... AND YOUR PARALYZED LEGS!



AND WHEN SHE SEES WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR HANDS SHE MAKES USE OF HER "INJURED" LEGS...

FRED... MY GOD, NO! IT'S TOO LATE, MY SWEET... MUCH TOO LATE!



AND WHEN YOU CATCH HER...



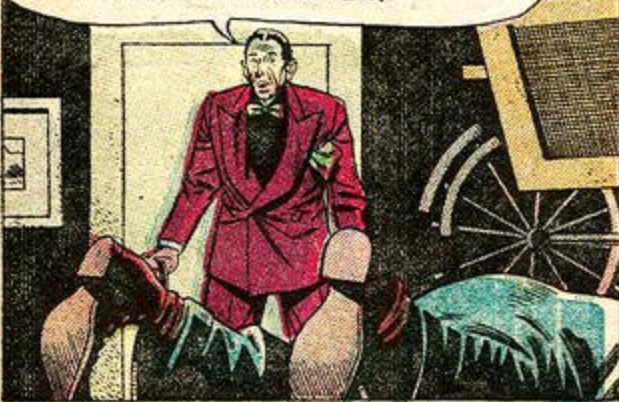
IT TAKES YOUR LAST BIT OF STRENGTH TO CARRY HER BACK TO THE WHEELCHAIR... YOUR HEART IS GIVING OUT, ISN'T IT, FRED?

G-GOING TO DIE... BUT-BUT I... DON'T CARE... NOW... DON'T... CARE...



IT'S RALPH VERICK WHO DISCOVERS YOUR CRUMPLED BODY THE NEXT MORNING...

WELL, WELL, SO THE OLD GOAT'S FINALLY DEAD! FRIEDA, HONEY, WAKE UP, THIS IS THE DAY WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR... YOU CAN GET UP OUT OF THAT WHEELCHAIR FOREVER!



VERICK PULLS THE ROBE OFF FRIEDA'S LAP... AND GASPS WITH HORROR. POOR RALPH, HE FEELS SICK AT HIS STOMACH... VERY SICK...!!

H-HE (GAG) CUT OFF HER (GAG) LEGS!

THE END





I'M DYING NOW... I'M OLD AND I'M TIRED... I'LL BE GLAD  
WHEN IT'S OVER AND I'M DEAD! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE  
ANYMORE... I'M SICK OF BEING \_\_\_\_\_

# MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

AMOS, D-DON'T!  
L-LET ME GO!  
YOU'RE CRAZY!

YOU RUINED EVERYTHING! MY BROTHER  
AND I WERE HAPPY UNTIL YOU CAME TO  
TOWN... BUT NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY  
FOR IT! I'M GOING TO CHOP YOU INTO  
LITTLE PIECES, ELLEN! I'M GOING  
TO KILL YOU!!



I'VE LIVED IN THIS CABIN FOR THIRTY YEARS...  
THIRTY YEARS OF SECRECY... THIRTY YEARS OF  
FEAR... AND INSULTS AND JIBES. . .

HEY, WATCH OUT,  
FELLAS! THERE'S  
THAT CRAZY  
HERMIT!

YEAH, HE'S BATTY, ALL  
RIGHT! MY OLD MAN SAYS  
HE OUGHTTA BE  
ARRESTED!



YES, THAT'S ME, "THE CRAZY HERMIT". BUT MY  
TIME IS QUICKLY RUNNING OUT AND BEFORE IT'S TOO  
LATE, I WANT TO TELL MY STORY. . .

YOU THERE, BOY!  
GO INTO TOWN AND  
FETCH THE  
DOCTOR!

WHO,  
M-ME?

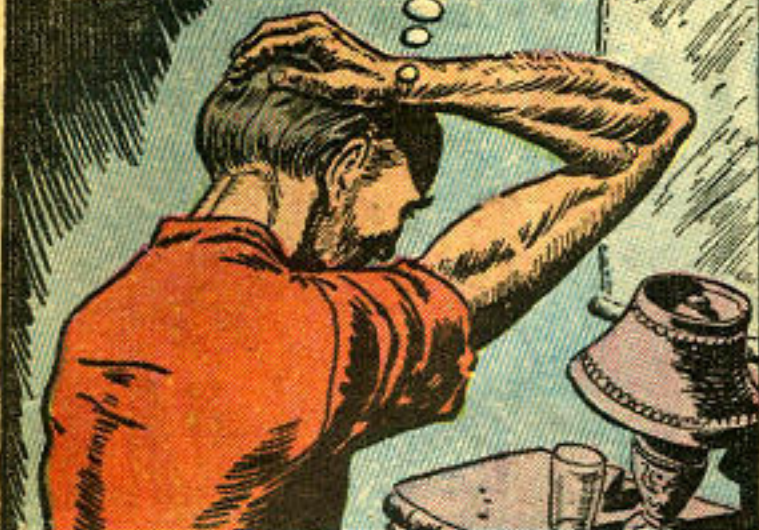
YE BETTER DO  
WHAT HE WANTS,  
MIKE... IF YA DON'T  
HE MIGHT HEX YA!





THE BOY RAN DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD TOWN AND NOW I'M WAITING...WAITING...

HE-HE'S GOT TO COME...**GOT TO!** I CAN'T **DIE** WITH **THIS** ON MY **CONSCIENCE!**



JUST AS I'M READY TO GIVE UP IN DESPAIR, I HEAR A KNOCK ON MY CABIN DOOR...

YES, SIR. I UNDERSTAND YOU SENT FOR ME. NOTHING **SERIOUS**, I HOPE.

IT **AIN'T** DOCTORIN' I WANT, MISTER... I JEST WANT SOMEBODY TO **LISTEN** TO ME.



HE LOOKS AT ME STRANGELY BUT COMES INSIDE THE CABIN AND SITS DOWN...

FOR **GOD'S SAKE**, MAN, LET SOME **LIGHT** IN HERE! I CAN'T SEE A **THING!**

**NO! I DON'T LIKE LIGHT!** LOOK, DOC, I **AIN'T** GOT MUCH TIME--SO PLEASE, LEMME SPILL MY STORY!



IT BEGAN THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO IN A SMALL VILLAGE 200 MILES FROM HERE... I LIVED WITH MY TWIN BROTHER AND TOGETHER WE RAN A BUTCHER SHOP...

'MORNIN', BOYS. ANY NICE **VEAL** TODAY?

**SURE THING**, MRS. GEORGE!

GOT **CHOPS** AND **CUTLETS** BOTH!



ME AND AMOS GOT ALONG FINE. WE WORKED TOGETHER AND LIVED TOGETHER...THERE WASN'T A DAY IN OUR LIVES THAT WE WEREN'T TOGETHER...

HOW ABOUT GOIN' OVER TO THE NEWTON FAIR SUNDAY, AMOS? MEBBE HAVE SOME FUN!

YOU THINK **TOO MUCH** ABOUT HAVIN' A GOOD TIME, HENRY. YOU OUGHTTA WORRY MORE 'BOUT **BUSINESS!**



AMOS WAS MORE SERIOUS MINDED THAN ME...AND HE HAD A TERRIBLE TEMPER...

HENRY, YOU STUPID FOOL, THIS MEAT'S SPOILED! YOU FORGOT TO PUT IT IN THE ICE-CHEST!

I...I MEANT TO, AMOS, B-BUT...



YOU MEANT TO...**THIRTY DOLLARS WASTED JEST** BECAUSE YOU'RE AN IDIOT!

N-NOW, AMOS, TRY TO **CONTROL** YOURSELF...





**B**UT EXCEPT FOR THE TIMES WHEN AMOS MADE A FUSS WE GOT ALONG PRETTY GOOD...UNTIL ONE SATURDAY MORNING RIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. . .



YES, MA'AM, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

I--I...

**A**ND BEFORE AMOS OR ME COULD DO ANYTHING SHE FELL OVER IN A DEAD FAINT. WE CALLED IN DOC BROWN RIGHT AWAY...



WHAT IS IT, DOC? WHAT'S WRONG?

SHE WAS STAGGERING LIKE SHE WAS DRUNK!

NO, AMOS, *NOT* DRUNK... JUST *HALF-DEAD* FROM *LACK OF FOOD!* THIS POOR CHILD HASN'T HAD ANYTHING TO EAT IN OVER *THREE DAYS!*

**I** THINK I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER RIGHT THEN. SHE LOOKED SO TINY AND HELPLESS... AMOS WAS FURIOUS AND AFTER THE DOC LEFT...



WHAT ARE YOU GRININ' ABOUT, YOU FOOL? JUST WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT HER... SHE *CAIN'T STAY HERE!*

SHE'LL *HAVE* TO STAY HERE/WE *CAN'T* PUT HER OUT IN THE COLD!

**F**OR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I DIDN'T GIVE IN TO AMOS. ELLEN STAYED WITH US AND LITTLE BY LITTLE SHE GREW STRONGER...



HERE YOU BE, ELLEN, YER DINNER. CHICKEN AND ALL THE TRIMMINGS!

HENRY, YOU'RE SO *GOOD* TO ME THAT I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

DON'T SAY *NOTHIN'*, ELLEN... JEST GET *BETTER!*



*STOP YAKING,* HENRY! WE GOT *WORK TO DO!* *HURRY UP!*

**N**O, AMOS DIDN'T LIKE ELLEN STAYING WITH US... AND HE NEVER STOPPED YELLING ABOUT IT. . .



"ELLEN, DRINK YER MILK"  
..."ELLEN, EAT YER DINNER."  
...WHAT THE *DEVIL'S* THE *MATTER* WITH YOU, HENRY?  
YER ACTIN' LIKE A *LOVE-SICK PUPPY!*

AIN'T YOU GOT NO *HEART* AT ALL, AMOS?  
THE GIRL'S *SICK!*  
SHE NEEDS *HELP!*

WELL, SHE'S HAD ALL THE HELP SHE'S GONNA GET FROM US! SHE *AIN'T* SICK NO MORE! I'M TELLIN' HER TO *GET OUT* NEXT WEEK!



*NO,* AMOS!  
*I WON'T LET YOU!*



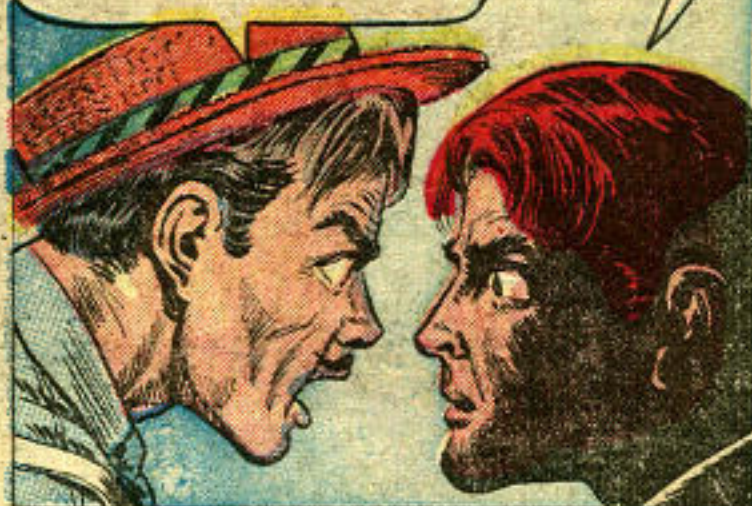
YOU **CAN'T** STOP ME, HENRY...AND I'M **WARNING** YA, **DON'T TRY!** I OWN **HALF** OF **EVERYTHING** ... AND IF I DON'T WANT HER, **SHE GOES!**



FOR A MINUTE I FELT TRAPPED AND DESPERATE. HOW COULD I LET HER GO? AND THEN I FOUND THE ANSWER...I KNEW HOW I COULD KEEP HER...

YOU'RE **WRONG**, AMOS. THERE AIN'T **NOTHIN'** YOU CAN DO... IF SHE'S MY **WIFE!**

WIFE?



IT WAS A CRAZY WILD IDEA... WHAT MADE ME THINK SHE'D MARRY ME? AMOS ALMOST LAUGHED HIMSELF SICK AT THE THOUGHT...

HAHAHAHAHA... I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WAS A **FOOL**, HENRY! HAHAHAHAH! THAT GIRL **AIN'T** GONNA MARRY YOU! HAHAHAHAHA!

MEBBE NOT... BUT I'M **TRYIN'** ANYHOW!



AMOS WAS WITH ME WHEN I ASKED ELLEN TO BE MY WIFE...

...AND I KNOW I AIN'T GOT MUCH TO OFFER, ELLEN, BUT...BUT I **LOVE** YOU AND I'D DO **ANYTHING** FOR YOU.

YOU'RE THE **GENTLEST** AND **KINDEST** MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN, HENRY. I'D BE **PROUD** TO BE YOUR WIFE!



I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS! SHE'D MARRY ME! AMOS WAS SO MAD THAT I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO EXPLODE...

YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT WHAT YOU DO, HENRY... AND I SAY **NO!**

THERE AIN'T **NO WAY** YOU CAN **STOP** US, AMOS. TRY TO ACCEPT IT!



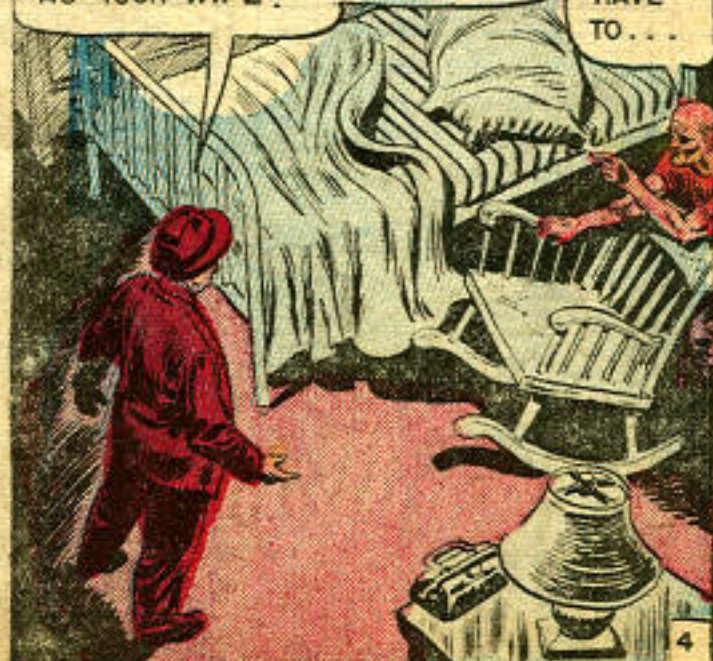
I KNEW WHY AMOS WAS SO UPSET AND I TRIED TO CALM HIM DOWN...

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, AMOS, WE BEEN **TOGETHER** ALL OUR LIVES...JEST THE **TWO** OF US! BUT THINGS WON'T BE MUCH **DIFFERENT** NOW...EXCEPT **ELLEN** WILL BE WITH US! WE'LL STILL BE **WORKING** AND **LIVING** TOGETHER!



GO ON, MAN! WHAT **HAPPENED?** DID AMOS FINALLY **ACCEPT** ELLEN AS YOUR **WIFE?**

NO, HE DIDN'T HAVE TO...





**WE PLANNED TO BE MARRIED IN A MONTH AND WHEN AMOS SAID NOTHING MORE I THOUGHT HE'D GIVEN UP THE FIGHT...**

SHE'S A **BEAUTY**, AIN'T SHE, AMOS? I'M A **LUCKY MAN!**

YEAH, SURE... SURE...

**BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT AMOS NEVER GAVE UP...ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING...**

C'MON, HENRY BOY, **WAKE UP!** WE GOT **WORK** TO DO TONIGHT!

WHAT? (YAWN) HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, AMOS? IT'S THE MIDDLE OF...

**WHEN I TRIED TO MOVE I COULDN'T...MY HANDS WERE TIED BEHIND MY BACK...**

WHAT IN **GOD'S NAME** ARE YOU UP TO, AMOS? **UNTIE MY HANDS** AND...

NOW, TAKE IT **EASY**, BROTHER... I'M GONNA **SAVE** YOU FROM MAKING A **BIG MISTAKE!**

**HE PULLED ME DOWN THE HALL AND INTO ELLEN'S ROOM...SUDDENLY, I BEGAN TO FEEL A SICKENING TERROR CREEP INTO THE PIT OF MY STOMACH...**

H-HENRY, WH...

AMOS, YOU'VE **LOST YER MIND!** I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **PLANNING**, BUT...

**GIT UP**, ELLEN, I'VE GOT A **PRESENT** FOR YOU!

**HE FORCED US OUT THE BACK DOOR AND INTO THE REAR ENTRANCE TO THE SHOP...**

I'M **WARNING** YOU, AMOS, IF YOU DO ANYTHING TO HARM ELLEN...I'LL **KILL YOU!** TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER!

AMOS, PLEASE...

**I WAS HELPLESS...UNABLE TO STOP HIM AS HE PICKED UP A MEAT CLEAVER AND STARTED TOWARD ELLEN...**

AMOS, D-DON'T! L-LET ME GO/YOU'RE **CRAZY!**

**YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!** HENRY AND I WERE HAPPY UNTIL YOU CAME HERE! I'M GOING TO **KILL YOU, ELLEN!**

**IT WAS LIKE A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE...I STOOD THERE, FROZEN WITH HORROR AS AMOS MADE HIS THREAT GOOD...**

AMOS... MY GOD... **NO...NO!**

A'EEEEEE!



THE CLEAVER ROSE AND FELL AGAIN AND AGAIN...

SHE'S DEAD, HENRY...  
DEAD! SHE WON'T BOTHER  
US ANYMORE!

ONLY AFTER SHE WAS A BLOODY, BEATEN CORPSE  
DID AMOS UNTIE ME...

ELLEN... ELLEN... (SOB)  
M-MY SWEET LITTLE ELLEN...

I BURIED HER BEHIND THE  
HOUSE...

I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU FOR  
THIS, AMOS...  
SOMEDAY  
WHEN YOU'RE  
LEAST EXPECT-  
ING IT, I'M  
GOING TO  
KILL YOU!

YOU'RE JEST  
BITTER NOW,  
YOU'LL GET  
OVER IT! YOU  
DON'T DARE  
KILL ME... YOU  
CAN'T GET  
ALONG WITHOUT  
ME, BROTHER...  
AN' DON'T YOU  
FORGET IT!

THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS I  
EVER SPOKE TO AMOS... FROM  
THAT DAY ON I ACTED AS THOUGH  
HE DIDN'T EXIST...

FER PETE SAKE, HOW LONG  
ARE YOU GONNA KEEP THIS UP?  
TALK TO ME!

BUT IN THE BACK OF MY MIND  
THERE WAS ALWAYS ONE THOUGHT...  
KILL HIM... KILL HIM... KILL HIM...

I'D LIKE TO DO TO HIM WHAT  
HE'S DOING TO THAT CHICKEN...  
JEST ONE QUICK BLOW...

AND FINALLY ONE NIGHT I COULDN'T STAND IT ANY  
LONGER...

THIS IS GONNA BE  
FER ELLEN,  
AMOS...

H-HENRY, WHAT A-ARE YOU..  
HENRY... NO!



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<http://pappysgoldenage.blogspot.com>

## Mysterious Adventures #17

1951 Series - Story Comics, December 1953, coverprice 0.10 , 36 pages.

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Stories/features:

1. Bug-A-Boo
2. One Man's Poison
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Series info

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(Sequence 1 , 7 pages )

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(Sequence 3 , 6 pages )

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